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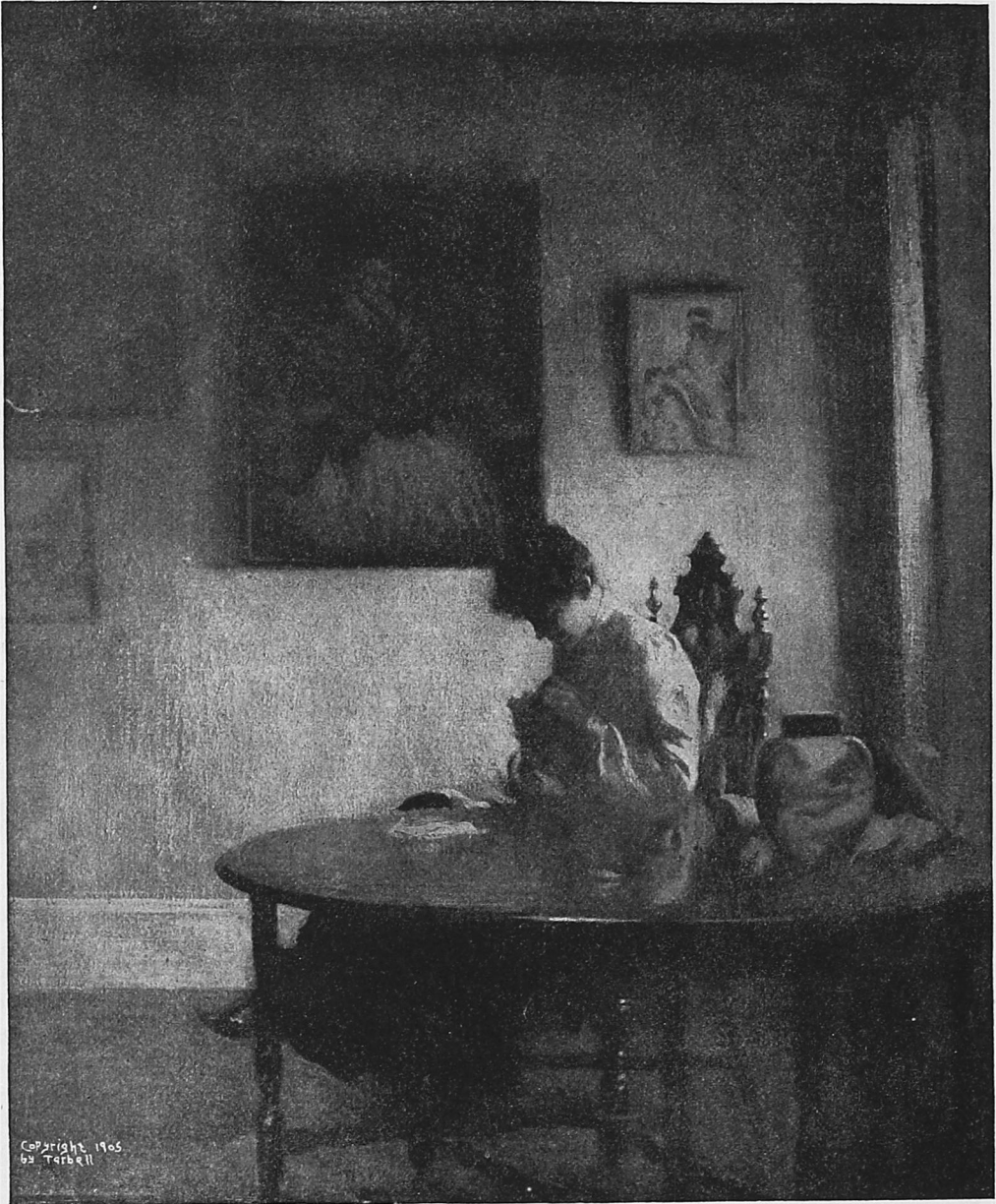
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SOME AMERICAN PAINTINGS



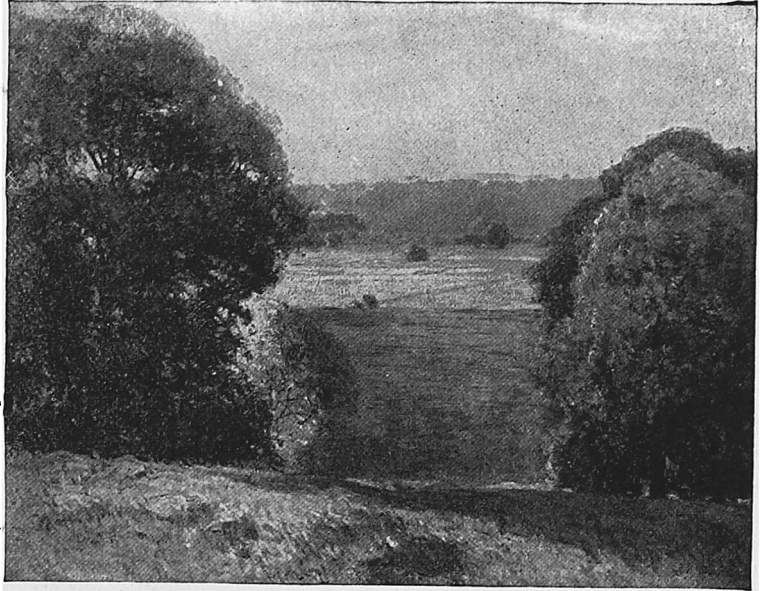
Girl Crocheting, by Edmund C. Tarbell

BOSTON has for a long time held a group of artists which has made her an art centre, almost in spite of herself. Whether literary Boston realizes this is doubtful, for literary Boston is self-centered and a little inclined to dwell upon a glorious past in its own field to the possible exclusion of a

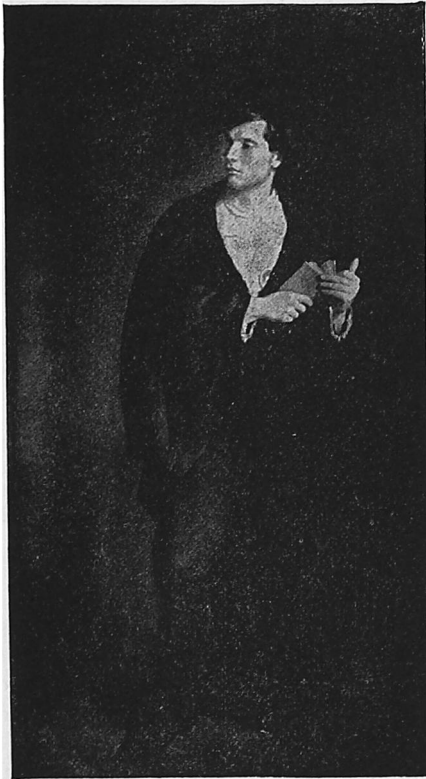
glorious present in a field not its own, it is true, but directly under its nose. Yet Boston holds its men, and its rather remarkable group of modern painters of the impressionist cult show no signs of moving, even to New York. Perhaps it is the tang, the salt in the delicious air, clean and bracing as it sweeps up through the

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most crowded business streets, which holds them year after year. Perhaps it is the excellent markets, from Faneuil Hall—down as to picturesque effect, and up in price—to the Back Bay shops where windows full of delectable fruits and rare vegetables are more conspicuous than displays of new bonnets and gowns. Or perhaps it is one of a hundred other reasons—the cheap and easy transportation by trolley, rail



End of a Summer Day, by W. Forsyth



The Tragic Actor, by John Lambert

and boat to a score of beautiful suburban villages, or the delightful crooked old streets, or the good manners of the public servants, or the restful clubs—. Ah, that is one reason, I am sure! Although during all these years a dozen secretive millionaires may have been buying steadily and at high prices the work of these men, only to stow them away where they are never seen again. For it is difficult to see the work of Boston men in Boston.

To mention only one man is the object of these paragraphs, yet Boston as an unwilling art centre for living painters is a subject worthy of examination and long analysis.

Two seasons ago Edmund C. Tarbell made a remarkable exhibit in New York at the show of the Ten American Painters, where his paintings filled a wall at the Montross Gallery, and one of the finest of them was the picture reproduced at the beginning of this article. Known mostly before this as a painter of open air and sunlight in a bold, broad, colorful way, he surprised us with this cool quiet interior, almost Old Dutch in its results, but not Old Dutch in its method, a very beautiful canvas.

What more can one say of a good picture than that he enjoyed it, and that in the whirl of a crowded life he returned half a dozen

Some American Painters

times to see the group on the wall of Montross? Criticism is nothing but the opinion of one man and arguments over matters of taste are almost useless. All that an editor can do is to present a black and white reproduction of the picture and then to tell those who like it, so far, to forget the reproduction and try to see the original canvas; for color is not only the soul of a painting but it is the reason for its very existence. So this is what I advise in the case of the "Girl Crocheting."

With men so equally well known to students of American art as the painters of the other canvases illustrated in these pages, all of which were shown at a recent exhibition of American paintings held at the Cincinnati Art Museum, a comment is also all that is necessary, although a monograph on each artist, crowded with critical analyses of his work would be both profitable and desirable.

"Gabrielle," by Alfred H. Maurer, is a magnificent example of the work of this young artist, who still resides in Paris. Maurer came into sudden prominence, a few years ago, while on a short visit to this country, by first winning the Inness prize at the Salmagundi Club Exhibition, New York, and immediately thereafter capturing the first Carnegie prize in Pittsburg. His work denotes an independent spirit, one that is not tied down to the



Gabrielle, by Alfred H. Maurer



The Bark, by Charles H. Woodbury

conventional poses of handsome models, but that expresses itself first and last in harmonious colors and tones. He is one of the strongest men of whom the future American art history will speak.

"The Spanish Dancer," by Robert Henri, has always been a favorite of mine. It is a very characteristic example of a man who is at last recognized as one of our best painters.

"The Flemish Highway," by

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A Spanish Dancer, by Robert Henri

"The Bark" is an example of his power in portraying certain features of the ever-changing sea. Mr. Woodbury is never commonplace in his point of view, whether he be on land or on water, and this bark seen through his vision is as poetic, as mysterious as "The Flying Dutchman."

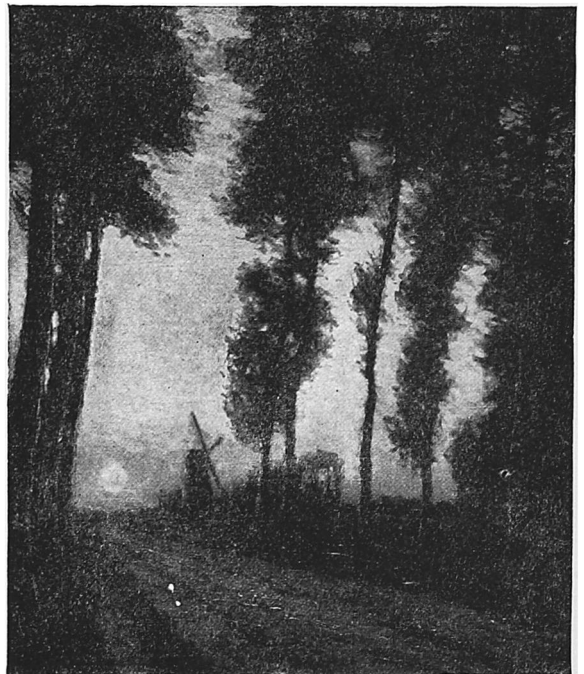
A connoisseur whose general opinions on matters of art I accept absolutely told me recently that he had visited a half a dozen of the best small collections in New York, and that of them all, the one of highest excellence, and the one which made the most delightful impression upon him was composed exclusively of American pictures. This interesting opinion is from a man of foreign birth but independent judgment.

So we must be growing.

Charles Warren Eaton, is one of the best of his Bruges subjects. It has tone, beautiful color and charm of composition.

Landscape painting has made the American school prominent, and the "End of a Summer Day," by W. Forsyth, of Indianapolis, proves that the art of landscape is not confined to the East. At the St. Louis World's Fair there were 1,100 paintings submitted for exhibition. From this number ninety-nine were selected, nineteen of which were from Indianapolis, and of these nineteen canvases eight were by Mr. Forsyth. This sounds like a Chinese puzzle but it is a remarkable tribute to Mr. Forsyth's work. This Western painter is a leader among those whose purpose in art is serious and his ability is shown in this canvas, in which nature is rendered with true feeling.

John Lambert's "The Tragic Actor" denotes the brush of one who grasps character through subtle indications of physiognomy and pose. Mr. Lambert is a well-known Philadelphia portrait painter. Those who remember my article of some months ago on American marine painting may recall the high place I assigned to Charles H. Woodbury of Boston.



A Flemish Highway, by Charles Warren Eaton